

# THE HEART OF NIGHT WIND

A STORY OF THE GREAT NORTH WEST

By VINGIE E. ROE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

COPYRIGHT BY DODD, MEAD AND COMPANY

## SYNOPSIS.

Silets of Dally's lumber camp directs a stranger to the camp. Walter Sandry introduces him to Dally, foreman, as "the Dillingworth Lumber Co., or most of it." He makes acquaintance with the camp and the work. Silets tells him of the Preacher. He discovers that Silets bears the sign of the Silets tribe of Indians and wonders what her surname is. In the flush of a tender moment he calls her "the Night Wind in the Pines," and kisses her. Poppy Ordway, a magazine writer from New York, comes to Dally's. Hampden of the Yellow Pine Co. claims title to the East Belt. Sandry's and Hampden's men fight over the disputed tract. The Preacher stops the fight. Sandry finds that the deed to the East Belt has never been recorded. Poppy fights with Hampden and tells Sandry that Hampden is crooked and that she'll get him. Poppy goes to Salem Dally, foreman, to get the deed. Silets searches for evidence against Hampden. Sandry's men desert him for Hampden, who has offered more money. Silets goes to her friends the Swashes and persuades them to work for Sandry to save the tract. Poppy tells Sandry that she has proof of Hampden's filing bogus entries in collusion with the commission. She sees Silets and Sandry talking together and becomes jealous. The big timber raft is started on its way, but is blown up and Sandry is dangerously injured. Poppy insists on taking care of Sandry and says she is his promised wife. "No," cries Silets, "he kissed me and I am his woman." In Sandry's delirium he gives Poppy a clue to his past. On recovering Dally tells him of the successful filing of his contract and he says that he is going after Hampden himself and "get him straight." Ma Dally shows Sandry Poppy's notes of his delirium talk. Poppy plays with Hampden, and asks Sandry when he will let her use information to stop the crooked dealing. He refuses her aid and she tells him she is going East for a while. Back East Poppy finds that Sandry held up an associate of a crooked partner of his father for the price of the Dillingworth Lumber Co., the associate dying the same night. Poppy goes back to Dally's and tells him to Sandry that she knows his secret.

## CHAPTER XXII.

### The Price of Peace.

Important events have a way of striking from ambush, without warning. So did the telegram which found Sandry idling among these women, so strangely mixed up with his life, who held together for his sake, though wide apart as the poles. It said simply, "Come at once. Mr. Wilton Sandry falling rapidly," and was signed by the famous specialist.

When the young man read it his face went white as a swooning woman's and the hands that held the yellow paper shook uncontrollably.

His lips set with a deadly illness and he stared unseeing across the slough.

"The incentive!" triumphed Poppy Ordway, "but oh, why must it take him from me just now! I hate it!" and sudden anger and disappointment flared for an unguarded moment in her eyes.

But the face of Silets between its braids had suddenly fallen into the mold of grief, faithful reflection of Sandry's own, and she slid off the porch to step softly, unconsciously near, with her hands clasped in distress.

An hour later the owner of the Dillingworth gave a hand to Poppy and Silets simultaneously, looked from one face to the other, saw Love in the black eyes and the blue, and felt a pain at his heart that he could not explain.

Ma put a motherly touch on his shoulder and said a word that was simple and earnest and tender as her great heart. John took his last hurried orders, and Sandry was off in the rig he had telephoned for to Toledo.

Weak and sad and torn by emotions, he watched for two whole days the great West slide by his Pullman window—that wondrous West whose subtle charm had laid abiding hold upon his soul.

So at last he reached New York looking with odd unfamiliarity upon its gayety and life, and hurried to the great old house in Riverside drive.

Breathless, weak, scarce able to stand for the strain on his right limb Sandry paused with Higgins hovering adoringly around him in the dusky, draped hall before the magnificent room of the Ivories and browns.

There was the ache of tears in his throat, a terrible horror of what lay behind the closed doors, an unendurable anguish of abnormal love, but he squared his shoulders, lifted his head with his old, jaunty air and entered. He even called a smile to his lips.

In the high-canopied, copper-posted bed lay the old financier. The fine, old face with its pleasant tracery was marked by the hand of the Last Accountant, but it was still the face of a great and good man, still held its benignity, its kindness and courtliness.

Now, with Sandry's step, a mighty gladness fell upon it, a light of joy that was all-illuminating.

"Walter!" he cried out in a voice of momentary strength. "Oh, my son! My son!"

And with a shudder to the boy's ears came an echo, "Abraham!" He dropped beside the bed, gathered the white head in his arms, and rocked to and fro as women rock in anguish.

Presently Mr. Wilton Sandry pushed his son from him with falling hands and gazed upon his face with the starved eyes of long-denied affection.

"My boy!" he whispered brokenly, "my life's crown, the point of my whole success!"

The long, white hands quivered on Sandry's shoulders. The bright, blue eyes began to light marvelously.

"I am at the end of my journey,

Walter, and it has been a splendid journey—a grand journey—and I thank my Maker for it! I have been blessed beyond most men, beyond my deserts. Your mother—she was above price—I cannot estimate her by any method. She was my one love and I have never thought of another in all my long life. May you find her equal, my son, a pure woman with a heart of the gold of undying love. She was an Estabrook—the best blood in the country. She left me you—a son such as only she could leave—and you have proved worthy of her life. In character, intellect, uprightness—oh, what a son you are!"

The great specialist, standing in the curtained alcove of the window behind the empty wheeled chair, turned anxiously. Little Doctor Gentry came forward, hesitating.

"Not too much, Mr. Sandry," he warned, "too much exertion, you know—"

The dying man looked up with that glowing fire in his keen eyes.

"Have I not waited for this hour?" he smiled. "Have I not held back the sickle of the Reaper for this one hour? Let it be full, my friend—this is my son—my son, of whom I am proud as Alexander of his conquered world!—and I have him here. Let it be full!"

And Sandry, his heart like stone in his breast, smiled back with the same blue fire of keen eyes.

"Old chap," he said lovingly, "we're a pair together—I owe what I am to you, sir—you have been my pattern."

"Tush, boy! You got your nature from your mother. Only your excellent grip of finance, your youthful ability, your forging qualities," here there was a ring on unmistakable pride in the words, "that, I do flatter myself I bequeathed you, and it is a good gift, a great gift when it goes with squareness, uprightness, and this you have to a supernatural extent. That was my last worry—the uncertainty as to whether or not you possessed it—the gift of ability. You have removed it. I am at peace."

Sandry, looking full at the speaker, turned a dull crimson from brow to throat, but every nerve in his body thrilled with a reckless triumph.

"My own success has been my third great blessing. How great a blessing a satisfaction, a pride—a weakness, I may say, I am afraid to think."

"That I build so well and held my completed structure through the continual changes and dangers of business life has been my rounding-out, the pleasant finish to my career. Now, boy, it goes to you—the fine, great structure of my fortune."

He ceased and smiled in an unbounded pride which proved his words and was as balm to Sandry's soul.

The son bowed his head in courtly acknowledgment of a magnificent gift, and his father went on:

"I have let you make your start with the bare purchase price of your under-

neath."

But things were approaching another change in Dally's lumber camp. One day in late July Sandry wrote several letters and Poppy Ordway, leaning familiarly over his shoulder, reached out a hand for them.

"I'm going up to the forked stick," he said languidly, "and I'll take them."

The dainty fingers were all but trembling with eagerness, for she saw that one of them was addressed to John H. Musseldorn, at a town in New Jersey. There was none to observe her on the sunny Silets road behind the low growth of spruce, and when she strolled down the little meadow again toward the cook-shack, that particular letter lay safe inside the bosom of her dress.

She went straight to the south room, entered and closed the door. Her hands trembled violently, but there was no compunction for what she was about to do in her heart. She was pretty well armed with knowledge that would give her a hold on Sandry, in case she was forced to use it, but here, she believed, would be proof positive, the actual written word that she might hold before his eyes in some hard event of the future.

With strong excitement she slit the envelope, drew out the sheet and began to read. Faster and faster came her hot breath, redder and redder grew her cheeks, while triumph sparkled in her eyes. She moved slightly on her slippery feet, a little motion of satisfaction that set her garments whispering—as when the tiger, scenting its prey, squirms before the leap.

With eager haste she sat down at her typewriter and began to write. When she had finished an hour later, after long intervals of study, there lay under her hand a very creditable brief of the famous Whitby case—a verbatim copy of President Whitby's last letter, a concise history of Walter Sandry's life since college, the notes in the red morocco book, plainly scribbled as his delicious words, and a copy of this letter to Musseldorn. Taken

together, they made a chain of deductions so plain and simple as to be condemning evidence.

At that moment Sandry himself, stepping near the south window, called her to come out and see the Silets squaws with their pyramids of baskets going down to Toledo. At his voice she laid a jealous hand over the papers, hurriedly pushed them back for safety, and rose. But Fate, that had been waiting, gave over to the cautious motion and showed them a little too far back, so that they hung in the small space between the typewriter stand and the wall—hung tentatively until the wind from the closing door, which, as if it, too, were in conspiracy, did not latch, caught them and pulled them down to the clean, rag-carpeted floor.

"Come, Silets," called Sandry as they started for the road to intercept the basket-bearers, but Silets, sitting in the west door with her chin in her cupped palms, shook her head.

The heat was intense for the coast country, dry and brilliant, and the hills were blue as turquoise. She watched Sandry and Miss Ordway for

have—you now. That's sufficient. Just your dear face, boy—so like—hers—to be with me at the last moment."

The gasping was more pronounced and Sandry, his face like ashes, raised the old man higher in his arms, holding him tightly against his shoulder. He glanced appealingly at Doctor Gentry, who shook his head. Then the son smiled down bravely in the bright eyes upon his face.

"All right, sir," he said simply, "your word has ever been my law. We'll hush if you say so. I thank God I'm here now."

"Satisfied. You're—a man, my son. A man—and a good—son. I'm satisfied—nay—more—thrice blessed. Amen. A—"

The word trailed off suddenly, leaving the lips open. There was a long breath, broken abruptly. The eyes closed naturally, slowly. The white head slid gently down from Sandry's shoulder.

With a cry that rang through the room, Walter Sandry sprang up, lifting the body.

"Father!" he cried once terribly. Then he laid it back upon the bed, turning away with shaking lips.

He clasped his hands hard behind him, while Doctor Gentry came silently and laid an arm around his shoulders.

In his soul was waging a seething turmoil of emotions—anguish and solemn joy, shame and triumph, certainty and uncertainty.

"At peace!" he was thinking wildly. "At peace and content!" while before him his strained eyes came the thin page from Silets' old Bible with its cry "Oh, Abasom! My son, my son!" wailed for the boy who fell from grace.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### Proof at Last.

The summer was upon the hills with a vengeance.

"Mighty unusual," said Ma Dally, "this here heat. Hottest it's been for many a year; 'It's a-agin' to be a mighty dry season an' it's a-comin' early."

Which prophecy seemed due to be fulfilled. A blue haze lay deep in the valleys, hung amid the hills. The deep floor of pine needles in the big woods was already dry as powder, and it was only late July. The camp was humming ahead with the work. They had exceeded their expectations in getting out logs, sending out more than they had planned.

Miss Ordway, still mistress of the little south room, worked feverishly at the new story of the timberlands. A bit of her brightness, some of her painstaking cheerfulness, was gone with the summer's heat. She had thought that long before this she would have won, that the engagement she had so daringly announced would be a fact. She could not understand his holding out against her.

Sandry had made many trips to Salem, consulting with the lawyer he had summoned from the East, who was turning heaven and earth in an effort to prove what Sandry knew to be true of Hampden, but it was unavailing. The young commissioner at Salem was "on to his job" and the weeks flew by with not one raveled end to the ball of fraud and deception and criminal intrigue which lay snug in the doctored records of the state land office.

Miss Ordway had dropped her fling for the timber claim and the young commissioner was uneasily searching his offices for the two letters and a missing account book. He did not faintly suspect that the last time he had seen them was during the visit to Salem of the charming new acquisition to the "ring." In fact, some of those days were still shrouded in a nebulous haze of mystery—red wine and red lips and a heady infatuation.

But things were approaching another change in Dally's lumber camp. One day in late July Sandry wrote several letters and Poppy Ordway, leaning familiarly over his shoulder, reached out a hand for them.

"I'm going up to the forked stick," he said languidly, "and I'll take them."

The dainty fingers were all but trembling with eagerness, for she saw that one of them was addressed to John H. Musseldorn, at a town in New Jersey. There was none to observe her on the sunny Silets road behind the low growth of spruce, and when she strolled down the little meadow again toward the cook-shack, that particular letter lay safe inside the bosom of her dress.

She went straight to the south room, entered and closed the door. Her hands trembled violently, but there was no compunction for what she was about to do in her heart. She was pretty well armed with knowledge that would give her a hold on Sandry, in case she was forced to use it, but here, she believed, would be proof positive, the actual written word that she might hold before his eyes in some hard event of the future.

With strong excitement she slit the envelope, drew out the sheet and began to read. Faster and faster came her hot breath, redder and redder grew her cheeks, while triumph sparkled in her eyes. She moved slightly on her slippery feet, a little motion of satisfaction that set her garments whispering—as when the tiger, scenting its prey, squirms before the leap.

With eager haste she sat down at her typewriter and began to write. When she had finished an hour later, after long intervals of study, there lay under her hand a very creditable brief of the famous Whitby case—a verbatim copy of President Whitby's last letter, a concise history of Walter Sandry's life since college, the notes in the red morocco book, plainly scribbled as his delicious words, and a copy of this letter to Musseldorn. Taken

together, they made a chain of deductions so plain and simple as to be condemning evidence.

At that moment Sandry himself, stepping near the south window, called her to come out and see the Silets squaws with their pyramids of baskets going down to Toledo. At his voice she laid a jealous hand over the papers, hurriedly pushed them back for safety, and rose. But Fate, that had been waiting, gave over to the cautious motion and showed them a little too far back, so that they hung in the small space between the typewriter stand and the wall—hung tentatively until the wind from the closing door, which, as if it, too, were in conspiracy, did not latch, caught them and pulled them down to the clean, rag-carpeted floor.

"Come, Silets," called Sandry as they started for the road to intercept the basket-bearers, but Silets, sitting in the west door with her chin in her cupped palms, shook her head.

together, they made a chain of deductions so plain and simple as to be condemning evidence.

At that moment Sandry himself, stepping near the south window, called her to come out and see the Silets squaws with their pyramids of baskets going down to Toledo. At his voice she laid a jealous hand over the papers, hurriedly pushed them back for safety, and rose. But Fate, that had been waiting, gave over to the cautious motion and showed them a little too far back, so that they hung in the small space between the typewriter stand and the wall—hung tentatively until the wind from the closing door, which, as if it, too, were in conspiracy, did not latch, caught them and pulled them down to the clean, rag-carpeted floor.

"Come, Silets," called Sandry as they started for the road to intercept the basket-bearers, but Silets, sitting in the west door with her chin in her cupped palms, shook her head.

The heat was intense for the coast country, dry and brilliant, and the hills were blue as turquoise. She watched Sandry and Miss Ordway for

together, they made a chain of deductions so plain and simple as to be condemning evidence.

At that moment Sandry himself, stepping near the south window, called her to come out and see the Silets squaws with their pyramids of baskets going down to Toledo. At his voice she laid a jealous hand over the papers, hurriedly pushed them back for safety, and rose. But Fate, that had been waiting, gave over to the cautious motion and showed them a little too far back, so that they hung in the small space between the typewriter stand and the wall—hung tentatively until the wind from the closing door, which, as if it, too, were in conspiracy, did not latch, caught them and pulled them down to the clean, rag-carpeted floor.

"Come, Silets," called Sandry as they started for the road to intercept the basket-bearers, but Silets, sitting in the west door with her chin in her cupped palms, shook her head.

The heat was intense for the coast country, dry and brilliant, and the hills were blue as turquoise. She watched Sandry and Miss Ordway for

together, they made a chain of deductions so plain and simple as to be condemning evidence.

At that moment Sandry himself, stepping near the south window, called her to come out and see the Silets squaws with their pyramids of baskets going down to Toledo. At his voice she laid a jealous hand over the papers, hurriedly pushed them back for safety, and rose. But Fate, that had been waiting, gave over to the cautious motion and showed them a little too far back, so that they hung in the small space between the typewriter stand and the wall—hung tentatively until the wind from the closing door, which, as if it, too, were in conspiracy, did not latch, caught them and pulled them down to the clean, rag-carpeted floor.

"Come, Silets," called Sandry as they started for the road to intercept the basket-bearers, but Silets, sitting in the west door with her chin in her cupped palms, shook her head.

The heat was intense for the coast country, dry and brilliant, and the hills were blue as turquoise. She watched Sandry and Miss Ordway for

together, they made a chain of deductions so plain and simple as to be condemning evidence.

At that moment Sandry himself, stepping near the south window, called her to come out and see the Silets squaws with their pyramids of baskets going down to Toledo. At his voice she laid a jealous hand over the papers, hurriedly pushed them back for safety, and rose. But Fate, that had been waiting, gave over to the cautious motion and showed them a little too far back, so that they hung in the small space between the typewriter stand and the wall—hung tentatively until the wind from the closing door, which, as if it, too, were in conspiracy, did not latch, caught them and pulled them down to the clean, rag-carpeted floor.

"Come, Silets," called Sandry as they started for the road to intercept the basket-bearers, but Silets, sitting in the west door with her chin in her cupped palms, shook her head.

The heat was intense for the coast country, dry and brilliant, and the hills were blue as turquoise. She watched Sandry and Miss Ordway for

together, they made a chain of deductions so plain and simple as to be condemning evidence.

At that moment Sandry himself, stepping near the south window, called her to come out and see the Silets squaws with their pyramids of baskets going down to Toledo. At his voice she laid a jealous hand over the papers, hurriedly pushed them back for safety, and rose. But Fate, that had been waiting, gave over to the cautious motion and showed them a little too far back, so that they hung in the small space between the typewriter stand and the wall—hung tentatively until the wind from the closing door, which, as if it, too, were in conspiracy, did not latch, caught them and pulled them down to the clean, rag-carpeted floor.

"Come, Silets," called Sandry as they started for the road to intercept the basket-bearers, but Silets, sitting in the west door with her chin in her cupped palms, shook her head.

The heat was intense for the coast country, dry and brilliant, and the hills were blue as turquoise. She watched Sandry and Miss Ordway for

together, they made a chain of deductions so plain and simple as to be condemning evidence.

At that moment Sandry himself, stepping near the south window, called her to come out and see the Silets squaws with their pyramids of baskets going down to Toledo. At his voice she laid a jealous hand over the papers, hurriedly pushed them back for safety, and rose. But Fate, that had been waiting, gave over to the cautious motion and showed them a little too far back, so that they hung in the small space between the typewriter stand and the wall—hung tentatively until the wind from the closing door, which, as if it, too, were in conspiracy, did not latch, caught them and pulled them down to the clean, rag-carpeted floor.

"Come, Silets," called Sandry as they started for the road to intercept the basket-bearers, but Silets, sitting in the west door with her chin in her cupped palms, shook her head.

The heat was intense for the coast country, dry and brilliant, and the hills were blue as turquoise. She watched Sandry and Miss Ordway for

together, they made a chain of deductions so plain and simple as to be condemning evidence.

At that moment Sandry himself, stepping near the south window, called her to come out and see the Silets squaws with their pyramids of baskets going down to Toledo. At his voice she laid a jealous hand over the papers, hurriedly pushed them back for safety, and rose. But Fate, that had been waiting, gave over to the cautious motion and showed them a little too far back, so that they hung in the small space between the typewriter stand and the wall—hung tentatively until the wind from the closing door, which, as if it, too, were in conspiracy, did not latch, caught them and pulled them down to the clean, rag-carpeted floor.

"Come, Silets," called Sandry as they started for the road to intercept the basket-bearers, but Silets, sitting in the west door with her chin in her cupped palms, shook her head.

The heat was intense for the coast country, dry and brilliant, and the hills were blue as turquoise. She watched Sandry and Miss Ordway for

together, they made a chain of deductions so plain and simple as to be condemning evidence.

At that moment Sandry himself, stepping near the south window, called her to come out and see the Silets squaws with their pyramids of baskets going down to Toledo. At his voice she laid a jealous hand over the papers, hurriedly pushed them back for safety, and rose. But Fate, that had been waiting, gave over to the cautious motion and showed them a little too far back, so that they hung in the small space between the typewriter stand and the wall—hung tentatively until the wind from the closing door, which, as if it, too, were in conspiracy, did not latch, caught them and pulled them down to the clean, rag-carpeted floor.

"Come, Silets," called Sandry as they started for the road to intercept the basket-bearers, but Silets, sitting in the west door with her chin in her cupped palms, shook her head.

The heat was intense for the coast country, dry and brilliant, and the hills were blue as turquoise. She watched Sandry and Miss Ordway for

together, they made a chain of deductions so plain and simple as to be condemning evidence.

At that moment Sandry himself, stepping near the south window, called her to come out and see the Silets squaws with their pyramids of baskets going down to Toledo. At his voice she laid a jealous hand over the papers, hurriedly pushed them back for safety, and rose. But Fate, that had been waiting, gave over to the cautious motion and showed them a little too far back, so that they hung in the small space between the typewriter stand and the wall—hung tentatively until the wind from the closing door, which, as if it, too, were in conspiracy, did not latch, caught them and pulled them down to the clean, rag-carpeted floor.

"Come, Silets," called Sandry as they started for the road to intercept the basket-bearers, but Silets, sitting in the west door with her chin in her cupped palms, shook her head.

The heat was intense for the coast country, dry and brilliant, and the hills were blue as turquoise. She watched Sandry and Miss Ordway for

together, they made a chain of deductions so plain and simple as to be condemning evidence.

At that moment Sandry himself, stepping near the south window, called her to come out and see the Silets squaws with their pyramids of baskets going down to Toledo. At his voice she laid a jealous hand over the papers, hurriedly pushed them back for safety, and rose. But Fate, that had been waiting, gave over to the cautious motion and showed them a little too far back, so that they hung in the small space between the typewriter stand and the wall—hung tentatively until the wind from the closing door, which, as if it, too, were in conspiracy, did not latch, caught them and pulled them down to the clean, rag-carpeted floor.

# CANADIAN CROPS EXCELLENT

Returning Tourists Speak Well of Their Treatment in Canada.

The Canadian Government, having made extensive preparations during the last few years to impart to the National Park system a degree of comfort and pleasure to the visitor, combining the best efforts of man with the very best gifts of creation, has now the satisfaction of seeing an appreciation of the efforts they have made. Tourists returning from a trip over the Canadian Pacific, the Grand Trunk Pacific and the Canadian Northern railways speak enthusiastically of the beauties that are revealed as these roads enter and pass through the mountains. The Government has spent enormous sums of money laying out roads, and developing easy means of access to glacier, hill, valley, lake and stream. For what purpose? That the wonders that Canada possesses in its natural parks may become more easily accessible and afterward talked about that a tourist travel through Canada would result. Tourist travel means business, and it is business that Canada seeks. To make it even more easy for this travel, the Government has taken pains to make every step of the tourist's entry into Canada one that will give the very least degree of trouble. On crossing the border, there is only the ordinary examination of baggage, and the only precaution is that in the case of foreign aliens, and even in their case there is no difficulty when the officials are satisfied that they are not attempting entry as enemies.

Although officials of the Government have taken every means to bring to the attention of the tourist and others that no difficulty could be placed in the way of their admission, there still remained doubt in the minds of some. Only the other day the Government took action again, and authorized the statement that no measures taken for recruiting the forces either have been or will be applied to any persons who are not ordinarily resident in the Dominion. Nor is it the intention to ask for volunteers except from among British subjects, resident in Canada. Moreover, the Military Service Act, under which conscription is applied in Great Britain, affects only persons "ordinarily resident in Great Britain."

Americans and British subjects resident in the United States who desire to visit Canada will find no more trouble at the border than they have experienced in the past, and upon arriving they will be made as welcome as ever. War conditions of any kind will not inconvenience or interfere with them.

The immigration authorities suggest that, as a precaution against inconvenience, naturalized Americans whose country of origin was one of those at war with the British empire, should provide themselves with their certificates of naturalization.

Now that it is impossible to visit Europe, the planning of your vacation trip through Canada is one to give consideration to. The Government has taken an active interest in its National Parks in the heart of the Rocky mountains. These can be reached by any of the lines of railways, and the officials at these parks have been advised to render every attention to the visiting tourists, who in addition to seeing the most wonderful scenery in the world—nothing grander—nothing better—have excellent wagon and motor roads, taking them into the utter recesses of what was at one time considered practically inaccessible.

In addition to this the tourist will not be inactive in the practical possibilities that will be before him as he passes over the great plains of the Western Provinces. The immense wheat fields, bounded by the horizon, no matter how far you travel. The wide pasture lands, giving home and food to thousands of heads of horses and cattle. The future of a country that he before only heard of but knew so little about, will be revealed to him in the most wonderful panorama, and imprinted in the lens of his brain in such a way that he will bring back with him the story of the richness of Agricultural Western Canada. And he will also have had an enjoyable outing.—Advertisement.

## Mailed the Change.

"You look very smiling this morning, Toner," said Bailey. "I guess I ought to be. I went to a fortune teller last night and she prophesied immediate financial reverses," chorled Toner.

"I fail to see anything very joyous in that," said Bailey.

"You would if you knew anything about my finances," said Toner. "I tell you right now that if they don't reverse pretty quick I'll be busted."

## Willing to Oblige.

"Have you found space for my poem yet?" asked the party with the unbarbered hair as he entered the editorial sanctum.

"Not yet," replied the busy man behind the blue pencil, "but I expect to just as soon as the office boy finds time to empty the waste basket."

## Science and Philanthropy.

"Think of the lives science saves." "It all depends on whether your scientist is working with medicines or high explosives."

## WAR-CRIES USED BY THE JEW

They Are Many and in All Tongues, But Another One Is Said to Be Coming.

"The Jew has as many war-cries as there are tongues in Europe, for he fights with them all; and then he has his own war-cry, that eternal tearful cry of his that in these days is rending the heavens over Russian and Galician Poland," E. R. Lipsett writes in the Century.